

An Elegy on the Death of the Right Honourable RICHARD Earl of ARRAN.

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INsatiable Foe to humane kind
Will thou not cease, our worthies to confine,
Thou seemst to rob us, of our Prince and Peers,
Our griefs thusto renew still with our years,
May not less subjects, sufficient matter yield,
To appease the fury of thy conquering shield,
Then such as be the Pillars of our state,
Who were our Countrys Comfort in adverse fate.

But now thou do'st our sorrows 'gain recal,
And Summon'd us to mourn by th' sudden fall,
Of this choice Peer, who with his Loyal race
Has had the honour thrice to rule this place,
With Loyalty and wisdom, without stain:
That neither King, nor Subject could complain,
Whose unexpected death moves us with feares
Of sad occasion of our future teares.

Arran the penult Branch of our great Cedar
Ormond, whose shadow was his Countries shelter.
In storms apparent now fallen to our grief,
Did not young *Ossory* afford's expect'd relief,
Wee might uncessantly bewail our loss
With floods of tears and hearts load'd with remorse,
That such a Loyal offspring does decay,
And leaves us so small support at this day.

Could pen express the worth, or tongue extol
The praise of *Arran*, then might this little Roll
Extended be, with terms of greatest merit
Of him, who now is gone for to inherit
The joys eternal unto such vertues due,
As did possess his noble breast, with true
And pious zeale, to Gods Church and annoynted,
Who by his death are of one disapointed

That was indued with valour and conduct
Sufficient wisdom th' ignorant to instruct,
How to obey their God and King's Command,
And to be able their foes still t' withstand,
Whose loss with tears could we once yet reverse,
VVe'd power forth streams uncessant for his herse,
But since we cannot his rancome pay, the more
VVe ought this worthies sudden death deplore.